GNOSIS: APOCRYPHON 5/12

So he created seven Angels, each
With powers Sufficient for a year of days,
And all in mimicry of that which was
Intuited from what was long before.
But those whom he begot, those children of
The ignorance and dark, they lacked
An intimation of the source from which
All things had come. A week of angels this
Way rules the world. But Ialdabaoth has
A multitude of faces, more than all,
So he can show himself in any face,
Just as he wills. He shares his nature with
Them - everything except the pristine power
That he drew from his Mother, Wisdom: that
He would not share. This made him cosmic lord,
Conferring - as he thought - divinity
Upon his minion powers. And as their "god"
He gave them each a place for them to dwell,
A so-called "heaven". Their urge to rule instilled
Makes them believe that they are gods; but Truth
Is not deceived: Their bestial natures are
Revealed to those who know. Their attributes
Are part and parcel of a fantasy
Dreamed up by Saklas; but illusion will
Not have Its way - except with those who dwell
Within the dream. The light of Truth will chase
Away the mist, dissolve its shifting shapes
Which frightened those who were deceived, like masks
Pinned onto wind-puffed cloaks. Such images
Invoke some dread reality, from which
They draw their fearful influence and power.

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